

## **Moonlight** by [metal\\_jenny\\_blog](#)

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**Summary:**

You and Hopper wake up early.

# Moonlight

## Author's Note:

My membership came through. All of these are available on Tumblr. I love suggestions.

<https://www.tumblr.com/blog/metal-jenny-blog>

I banged this one out of Christmas Eve, before I realised I'd need to wait 2 weeks to join.

Smut. :)

3:12am.

At first, you're not sure what woke you.

It could have been the moonlight reflecting off the new snow outside. The house was at the end of a cul-de-sac. The streetlight had been broken for weeks, but you wouldn't know it tonight. Fat, powdery flakes had gently cascaded all evening, settling over the hulking shapes of the trees, and now the full moon swathed the bedroom in silver through the large bay window, creeping across the floor and climbing the newly painted walls.

It could have been the house creaking. It had been put through its paces in the last six months. Hammer, and nail, and saw. Rotted floorboards removed and restored. A wall was knocked out downstairs to open a dingy study into a light-filled sitting room. The fine coating of sawdust and paint chips that had covered every surface and made El sneeze had finally dissipated, though every now and then, the house breathed and reminded them of the punishing routine it had endured.

The corner of your mouth curves upwards as you figure it out. The hair at the nape of your neck ruffles, propelled by the sigh of the man folded around your form behind you. It's his hand. It's under your shirt, gently kneading your breast.

You lie still for a moment, savouring the attention. You can feel the

calluses where the ridge of his palm ends and his fingers start, formed after weeks and months of helping create the new home for the three of you. He rolls your nipple between his thumb and forefinger, stroking the pad of his thumb over the tip. It's enough for you to arch your back slightly and sigh. His hand pauses for a heartbeat, and then continues. He presses a kiss to your shoulder, warm and soft.

"Don't turn around," he mumbles, the breath from his velvety baritone tickling your ear.

He shifts his weight slightly, his hand leaving your breast to drape across your hips. He pulls your pelvis towards his, and you can feel his hard cock prodding between your legs.

His hand goes back to your breast, palpating slightly firmer now. He pinches and tweaks the nipple, and his mouth comes down on your shoulder, his teeth gently grazing and his tongue flicking, laving across your cool skin. He shifts again, and he captures your earlobe between his lips, suckling gently. You gasp, and you feel the heat pooling at your centre. Your hand comes up to thread through his hair, and his mouth breaks with your earlobe and he nuzzles between your neck and shoulder, his beard scraping your skin. A shiver arcs down your spine, and you finally speak.

"Jim..."

"Mmm...yeah baby?"

"Make love to me, Jim."

He smiles against your neck. His left arm, already underneath you from where you fell asleep spooned together, braces across your chest. His right hand glides down your side, over the swell of your hip, to the hem of your shirt, pushing it halfway up your belly. Hooking his thumbs in your bikini bottoms, he pushes them down, and you wriggle your legs to help him, kicking them off somewhere at the end of the bed. Curving a hand around your thigh, he tilts your pelvis slightly and hooks your leg over his.

His hand traces a line from your navel to the soft hair at the juncture of your thighs. His fingers tease through the curls, deliberately

prolonging the moment. Biting your lip, you press your buttocks into his pelvis, feeling his cock strain through the thin material of his boxers. He growls in response, and his fingers slide further down.

“Mmm... you’re so wet.”

He drags his fingers up and down your slit once, twice, spreading your juices. His fingertips graze against your clit, maddeningly light and all too brief. His fingers slide down to your opening and he gently pushes first one, then two fingers inside. Crooking them slightly, he pumps them slowly while simultaneously swiping at your clit with his thumb.

Burying his head back in your neck, he continues his rhythmic movements, while nipping and licking your neck and shoulder. Your back arches, and more moisture pools between your legs. He increases the speed of his fingers and grinds his cock between your buttocks. Minute waves of pleasure are beginning to radiate from your centre and creeping up your spine. Your breath is coming harder. But it’s not enough. It’s not filling enough, there’s not enough pressure. You need more. You need...

“More...” you breathe, pushing into his pelvis again. “I need more...”

He doesn’t need to be told again. Withdrawing his fingers, he pushes back slightly and shoves his boxers down his hips, freeing his swollen cock. Lifting your leg again to sling over his hip, he grasps his cock and pushes past your folds to finally be buried within you.

You both exhale simultaneously at the feel of one another, finally joined. Hopper holds you to his broad chest with his left arm and begins to pump his hips, his right hand finding the nub of your clit and stroking it, firmer this time. Your moisture slicks the way and the pads of his fingers circle and press the bundle of nerves.

Your breath is coming faster now, and Hopper begins to pant against your neck, his hips pumping a little faster. You tweak your nipples as he thrusts, and the contact makes you moan. The combination of his cock entering and withdrawing, filling you, and his fingers circling and rubbing your clit, causes the pleasure to coil in your abdomen. He increases the speed and pressure of his fingers and you close your

eyes, sparks arcing under your eyelids.

“I need...I need...”

“What do you need, baby?”

“Need to come Jim. Please...”

He pushes down firmly on your clit, pinching it slightly between his fingers. The bolt of pleasure shoot up your spine and you moan, the coil of need in your belly unraveling as you come.

“That’s it baby, come for me. Fuck, you feel so good. That’s it baby...” Jim croons softly, his hips pumping more erratically as his own pleasure builds.

Your orgasm radiates out from your womb, through your body, and your muscles tighten around Jim’s cock. It’s enough to drag him over the edge - with a groan, his body empties into you. He bites down on your shoulder, pressing his body to yours as you both ride out your climax.

You relax, boneless, and Jim gently withdraws, putting your leg back down. He props himself on his arm as you finally turn to face him. He touches your chin and kisses you hungrily, his tongue mingling with yours. With a slight moan, he pulls away.

“Hey.”

“Hey yourself.” You grin at him. The moonlight is bright enough to see his shining eyes and ruddy nose and cheeks. You can taste the sweat glistening on his top lip. He smiles down at you and kisses you again.

Breaking the kiss, you look at the clock on the table next to you and giggle. “I thought El would have been the first one up this morning. Guess it was us.”

Jim smiles. “Kids shouldn’t have all the fun of Christmas morning. The adults should be able to have some fun too. Besides,” he gestured to the window and the icing sugared world outside, the moonlight throwing silver beams through the the room. He leans down and

whispers in your ear. “Look at that. Beautiful.”

You hum softly in agreement. “It is. The kids will have a blast tomorrow with all that snow. It’s been a while since I had a Christmas with a bunch of kids around.”

A comfortable silence settles around the two of you. Jim’s warmth envelops you, and he gently skims his fingers over your bare arms. You sigh contentedly.

“Everything worked out,” you say softly.

Jim smiles against your neck. “It did. It’s perfect.”

“Merry Christmas Hop.”

“Merry Christmas, my love.”